

Orange and Blue.

ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

VOL. X.

AUBURN, ALABAMA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1904.

NO. 8.



Coach Vaughn.

SHORT SKETCH OF BASEBALL CAREER OF COACH VAUGHN.

Vaughn's first engagement of any note as a professional baseball player was in 1887 when he signed with New Orleans, which team won the pennant in the Southern League that year. The following season, 1888, he went with the Memphis club and played with them until June 25th, when he was purchased by the Louisville Club, and staid with them throughout the seasons of 1888 and 1889. In 1890 he joined the New York Brotherhood Club, which soon disbanded, and the American Association took up the fight with the National League, and put out a club in Cincinnati known as "Kelly's Killers." Here Vaughn remained part of the season, and was then transferred to Milwaukee, finishing the season of 1891 with that team. From 1892 to 1899 he played with the Cincinnati Reds. He then went into the tobacco business for two years, but, finding it unprofitable, signed with the Peoria Club of the Western League in 1902. In 1903 he signed with Birmingham and will report to that club when the season of 1904 opens.

Most of Vaughn's work has been behind the bat, and he should be a good coach for Auburn's pitchers. He is a hard hitter and with the material that he has will doubtless turn out the heaviest hitting team that Auburn has ever had.

Coach Vaughn will report for duty on Feb. 23rd, when regular practice will begin. We have a good coach, and he should be given the hearty support of the whole student body. This must be Auburn's banner year in baseball, and nothing short of the championship of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association should satisfy us. Season after season Auburn has had a losing team, and this thing has

grown to be somewhat monotonous. But, unless something unforeseen happens, we are in a good position to break this hoodoo and cover up past defeats with brilliant victory.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE 1904.
Florida State College, in Auburn, April 4th.

Mercer University, in Macon, April 9.

University of Alabama, in Tuscaloosa, April 14, 15 and 16.

Georgia School of Technology, in Atlanta, April 23.

University of Georgia, in Athens, April 29 and 30. (3 games.)

Tulane University, in Auburn, May 5, 6 and 7.

L. P. HALL.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

There is no cleaner or higher form of athletics than track athletics. Foot-ball and base-ball do very well where concerted action and team work is required; but for individual work there is nothing superior to racing, jumping, vaulting, and similar sports.

Contests of this kind take place on May the first. We have an excellent track for foot-races: we have "horses" for burdling and any other paraphernalia which may be needed.

Now just about three days before May the first of every year you will see several men loping around the track as if they were all trying to finish last. You will see them jumping with only minus quantities for their scores; and in fact trying to do everything at the last minute which should be taken by degrees. Track athletics require training, either in the gymnasium or on the open field. You cannot expect to put up as good a race with a stiff ankle that has been running for only three or four days as you can with one that is supple and well-oiled by constant use. You cannot expect to hold your wind for a mile or more when all the wind you have wouldn't make a breeze strong enough to blow a hollow dream away. You must train your lungs to their full capacity by daily use, and be prepared to hold your own with the Northwind itself.

Those who are interested in the matter should get together and organize themselves into teams with some leader who will keep them in practice and prevent their interest from flagging. Because we have no intercollegiate contests in this kind of sport is no reason why we should neglect it. Records can always be broken while there is a man who has energy enough to build up his strength and train his muscles to execute their proper function to a high degree; and comparative scores can as easily show our standing with other colleges in this kind of sport as a common meeting-ground.

SENIORS VS. FRESHMAN.

Seniors Gallop Up and Down the Field, While Freshmen Trail on Behind.

Last Thursday evening found the Seniors and Freshmen facing each other for the first class football game of 1904. A more ideal foot-ball day could not have been desired. A rain had dampened the ground just enough to make it springy and fast.

INTERESTING PROCEEDINGS.

Freshman choose to defend the east goal and Battle kicks off 41 yards for them. Zippe Smith makes a running catch and advances the oval 20 yards. Ward took off 10 yards on a cross buck. Smith executes another for 7. Merkle wades ahead for 12 yards but fumbles the ball; the Freshman fall on it but three backs net them nothing and ball goes over. Johnston takes a trip around left end for 10 yards. Smith cross bucks for 3½ of 'em. Ward takes 9 and Smith gets busy with a gain of 13 yards. Merkle fumbles. Freshman's ball.

Cheek bucks for 7 yards.

Lurton loses 1½ yards.

Milner fails to gain; Seniors' ball.

Ward cross bucks for 7. Hall fails to gain around right end. Ward gets 6 more to his credit. Smith annexes 5. Merkle decides on 8 and Ward goes over for a touch down. McEniry kicks an easy goal.

Score: Seniors, 6; Freshman, 0. McEniry kicks 37 yards to Battle who fumbles, Smith falls on ball. Smith cross bucks for 5½ yards. Hall gets a ½ yard around right end.

Ward cross bucks for 11 yards. Smith gets 4 yards more.

McEniry fumbles, Constantine falls on ball. Cheek gets 5 yards. Constantine loses ½ yard. Lurton kicks 25 yards. Smith falls on ball. Ward goes 6 yards straight ahead. Smith goes 2½ straight ahead. Ward cross bucks for 3 yards. Hall gets no gain around right end. Smith makes first down. Ward hurdles the line for 8 yards. Smith gets 2½. Ward cross bucks for touchdown. McEniry kicks goal.

Score: Seniors, 12; Freshman, 0. McEniry kicks 25 yards to Street, who advances it 7 yards. Milner cross bucks for 4 yards. Milner is thrown for loss of 1 yard. Milner fails to gain. Seniors' ball.

Ward goes ahead for 3½. Ward gets 1 yard.

Merkle goes over left tackle for 10 yards. Hall is thrown for a loss of 1 yard by Street who breaks through the line. Ward cross bucks for 3 yards. McEniry loses ½ yard, ball goes over. Cheek fails to gain. Lurton fails to gain. Lurton kicks 30 yards. McEniry advances the

oval 12 yards. Johnson gains 4 yards around left end. Ward cross bucks for 1st down. Ward gains 4 yards on cross buck. Merkle takes 10 yards. Smith takes 2½ yards. Ward gets 5 on cross buck. At this point, time for first half is called.

SECOND HALF.

McEniry kicks 25 yards to Cheek who is downed in his tracks. Freshman fumble and Merkle falls on ball. Smith cross bucks for 7 yards. Ward cross bucks 8 yards. Smith cross bucks for 1st down. Merkle annexes 2½ and Ward goes over for the third touchdown. McEniry kicks goal.

Seniors, 18. Freshman, 0.

McEniry kicks 30 yards and the Freshman after 2 bucks kick 20 yards. Ward advances the oval 10. Smith gets 5. Johnston 2½. Then follow a series of cross bucks by the Senior backs which average 7 yards and Smith is pushed over for the 4th touchdown. McEniry fails to kick goal.

The Freshmen now seem to take a brace but cannot stand the cross bucks of Smith and Ward behind their lightning interference and in 2 minutes Zippe Smith again goes over for the 5th and last touchdown. McEniry kicks goal. On the next kick off the Freshman for the first time in the game begin to gain ground. Milner takes 4½ on a cross buck and repeats for 1st down.

Cheek gets 3 of 'em. Milner takes 4 and then repeats for 3.

Three bucks net the Freshmen nothing and Seniors take the ball and advance until time is called with ball on the Freshman's 35 yard line.

In team work the Seniors out classed the Freshmen but on the whole they did not show up as well as they have for the past two years. For the Seniors McEniry, Smith, Merkle, and Ward played star ball. McEniry was invincible in his old position at quarter. Smith was always on the spot with his spectacular cross bucks which never failed to gain.

Merkle played a steady game, but seemed a little off in clinging to the oval. Ward proved to be one of the best ground gainer's, and in backing up the line could not be beat. For the Freshmen, Streit, Wilkinson and Constantine played good ball. Streit by breaking through the line, often broke up the end over end play of the Seniors.

The line-up was as follows:

SENIORS.	FRESHMAN.
Matson.....Center.....Franks	
Pace.....R. G.Thaggard	
Harwell.....L. G.Hughes	
Bussey.....R. T.Batson	
McAdory.....L. T.Streit	
Johnston.....R. E.Constantine	
Hall.....L. E.Wilkinson	
McEniry.....G. B.Battle	
Smith.....L. H. B. Milner (Capt.)	
Ward.....R. H. B.Lurton	
Merkle(Capt.)..F. B.Cheek	
Umpire, Prof. Mitcham.	
Referee, Prof. Stokes.	
Head lines-man, Prof. Hill.	

(Account of Game furnished by Alston and Boyd.)

JUNIORS VS. SOPHOMORES.

The second game of the inter-class football series was played Saturday afternoon, when the Juniors beat the Sophomores by a score of 29 to 0.

The team work of the Juniors was magnificent, as was shown by the way the men stuck together.

The Sophomores, who were playing under very great disadvantages, put up one of the pluckiest games ever seen upon the campus, as they fought as hard in the last minute of play, after losing three of their best men, as they did in the first. Especially was this so of Acting Capt. Cosper, Camp and Teague, who all played fine games.

For the Juniors, while every man played a good game, Capt. Reynolds, Flournoy, Skinner and Waldrop deserve special mention. The two runs of Flournoy, in returning punts, one of fifty-five yards for a touchdown, and the other of 35 yards, were the most sensational plays of the game.

Capt. Reynolds (who is Captain of next year's "Varsity") showed his ability, both by his offensive playing in advancing the ball and interfering for his other back, and in his defensive work, and also by the way he ran his team. His ability as a coach was shown by the way his team worked together. In fact in every ~~in~~ he showed his thorough knowledge of the game.

The teams lined up as follows:

JUNIORS.	SOPHOMORES.
Beck.....Center.....Lindsay	
Rigney.....R. G.Peey	
Eslinger.....L. G.Cross	
Paterson.....R. T.Rincher	
Seale.....L. T.Peey	
Waldrop.....R. E.Whitaker	
Phillips.....L. E.Camp	
Perkins.....Q. B.Teague	
Flournoy.....R. H.Webb	
Skinner.....L. H.Frazer	
Reynolds (Capt.) F. B.Cosper	
(Acting Captain.)	

The game in detail is as follows:

The Juniors win toss-up and choose to kick off. The Sophomores choose to defend the east goal. Reynolds kicks 35 yards, Rencher catches the ball and is downed in his tracks. Webb tries cross buck to left and fails to gain; upon another he gains 3 yards. Webb kicks 35 yards. Flournoy fumbles catch and Perkins falls on ball. Flournoy cross-bucks for 5 yards. Skinner does same. Flournoy again cross-bucks for 3. Paterson goes over the left of the line for 10 yards. Skinner cross-bucks for 9 yards. Paterson gains 3. Reynolds plunges to right of center for 4. Flournoy on straight ahead fumbles, but regains ball. Seale gains 5. Skinner goes straight ahead for 9. Perkins fumbles. Waldrop gets ball. Skinner cross-bucks for 5. Paterson gains 6. Perkins fumbles, (Continued to 4th page.)

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Contributions for ORANGE AND BLUE will always be sincerely appreciated, and should be in the hands of the Editors not later than Saturday before week of issue.

It is with no little compunction that we bring to this page such a delicate matter as our financial distress—after concluding that such a subject should be treated in a deeper and more serious vein than it has been our custom, realizing as we do that the heaviest gold is not always found on the surface. At best there is very little honor accruing to the management of a college paper; and what honor there once was has well worn off—dulled and sickened as it is by its team-mate, *Work*, and its harsh driver, *It-must-be-done*. In the beginning we set our ideals very high: if the truth was told, they bore a striking resemblance to one of these modern sky-scrappers, but now Baltimore's smoke is not half as thin as their reality, and you could easily cover their street frontage with an imaginative one cent piece. But we think that if we had a certain amount of support—just enough to brace us up a bit—we could still turn out something that the goats would not refuse to chew, or the rats either for that matter. It has always been customary, or at least was so several years ago, to get up a *Minstrel* as a financial part of the scheme of the ORANGE AND BLUE—the surplus (which in this case is a very doubtful one) to go to the Athletic coffers. Now we are a little backward in such matters—either from an inherent disability or the force of circumstances—and the services of those naturally inclined toward the "stage" would be very much appreciated by us. We could hardly expect a very choice portrayal of Hamlet's temperament—such as Booth might have given you, or even Sir Henry Irving—but there are enough freaks (actors, for the time being playing their life-parts) in this college to furnish us with a number of End men. There are enough white gentlemen around this college singing "Dinah" to give us some "real" coons in their native element. But the most essential part of the programme is our need of some one to put the affair through for us—some one who can take charge of the *Minstrel* and see that it is done according to Hoyle with nothing but Jacks in the pot. With some such one to get us up a good *Minstrel* our pecuniary "embarrassment" would be greatly alleviated. Not "embarrassment," for that is a timid word and should only be applied to something soft and light like a maiden's blush, whereas our word should be heavy and harsh because it is hard to bear—call it our need.

YOUR VALENTINE.

There is a pretty little custom which has been in vogue for many years, in truth, for very many years, of sending some token of remembrance to your "lady-love" or your beau-gallant on a certain day set apart in every year. In most of our cities this custom has degenerated into the use of "comics"—on which the characteristic defects of the recipient are supposed to be delineated—or else in the demolition of property, the ringing of the "ring" out of door-bells and the carrying off of yard-gates.

We once received a Valentine that would have gladdened the heart of a baby and put new life into the spring of a cat. The color-scheme was laid in red; and to a Herculean body was joined the face of an Adonis. Oh, it was simply lovely! We felt that we could start life over again with such a flattering recommendation from the "handsome" stand-point. But below the picture was printed a little phrase that would have scrubbed away the spirits of the most optimistic mortal. It was, "Do you use Sapolio?"

There are sundry kinds of Valentines: some that would make a boy's heart give a record jump if he did not know that his sister sent them, some that are purple, some that are yellow, some that are washed peacock. But there are none like the kind word, the "good-morning" Valentine. It is the Valentine that comes every day in the year; and with each coming brings a beauty that all the art in the world cannot give—except those rare artists of love, whose master-artist was the lowly Nazarene.

To paint such a Valentine there is no need of an expensive outfit. But you must have a pure white canvas of Love and plenty of the oil of Kindness. You must always wield the true brush of a gentleman—with just a dab of politeness and a little touch of courtesy.

There is no man, however discriminating a connoisseur of art he may be, who would not appreciate such a Valentine—who would not admire the gentle touch of the artist's hand, the velvet shadows, the soft filmy texture, and the tender light of the work. To such a Valentine might be added a poem, a little jingle of the heart, whose sum of metre, rhyme, originality of style, depth of thought, and lucidity of expression, might be covered by one word of kindness to those who have sad need of it.

WHAT'S THE USE?

Our policy has always been to give "wars and rumors of wars" a wide berth, and to shun entangling complications of any description whatsoever, international, political, or personal. We believe that if a Jap fired a bomb directly under us we would not so much as call him cross-eyed, or dispute with him as to the precise tint of his benign countenance—or even the gentle disposition of the "autocrat" of all the Russias. And yet we are not entirely oblivious to certain phases in the far Eastern question.

Simultaneously with the news of the precipitation of war between Russia and Japan came that of the burning of Baltimore: two clouds of fire—one that had hung for a long while, outlined redly against the gray western sky—the other that burst all too suddenly, shedding its drops of fire like a deluge of rain, and was gone with only a black sodden field to tell where it had been.

All the fire-saving appliances of a twentieth century civilization were utilized to prevent the destruction of Baltimore: every mechanical and human de-

vice conceivable was employed. City after city sent their fire departments to aid those of the doomed city; and nothing was left undone.

War is just such a demon as fire. They are both masters of the same hell-hounds, and the devil is their common lord. They are joint enemies of peace, lives and property. It is very strange that the same energy is not put forth to prevent the one that is used to stop the other. It would be still more strange if a conference of the nations could not arbitrate all matters between two refractory members, and settle everything to the satisfaction of all parties concerned—and with far less energy than is consumed in the fighting of a modern fire. Have our diplomats and those of the other nations less love for the international weal than have our fire-chiefs for the brick and stone buildings of their city? Then what's the use of this little two-by-four scrap in the East that after all is but a sacrifice of men, a drainage for war-means on the poor of Japan and Russia, and the acquisition by the one of a piece of land that had best be in the hands of the other?

One of the chief reasons for the failure of diplomats to consummate an effective relationship between the nations is the attitude of the people towards war—whether it be their own or another people's. The first extra that tells in blazing head-lines that all negotiations are severed between two nations is hardly cool before there seems to be a contagious disease spreading among the people. A sort of excitement prevails as if a bomb had suddenly dropped in their midst. No question is asked but: "Have you heard the latest? One little bow-legged Jap sank ten big Russian war-ships, and only lost his appetite." One hardly realizes how very foolish it all is—this strife that should only be the play of boys, this war between nations nearly as old as the hills their armies tread and the seas their navies sweep.

But, instead of condemning the practice of war and giving their countenance to the amicable adjustment of international disputes, the people show by their sentiments that they love a war—that they love this knightly, this gentlemanly, method of settling agreements—especially if the opposing forces are far distant and liable to stay there. Reading his morning paper at the breakfast table the American says: *My! Ain't they plucky? Give 'em the goggle eye, Japs*, when the bravado of the Japanese under the spur and energy of the moment does not amount to a thrip compared with the struggle some poor man is making to earn his bread.

This is one view of the situation and there hardly seems any way to relieve it. But, since men organized themselves into society, and became separate and distinct from the other animals, there has always existed among them some sort of code for the better preservation of law and order—except in those spasmodic instances termed "revolutions."

Now the laws of a civilized country would not think of permitting two men to settle a dispute by an open brawl—unless perhaps the men were rather previous in the matter, and quickly dispatched the business in hand before the arrival of the officer of the law. In the eyes of justice such men would be culprits, and found guilty of violating the laws of the land. Should two nations be allowed to do that which the laws of either of them forbid their citizens as individuals doing? Though their's is a larger and grander scale, it is none the less detestable: though war is a very pretty thing sometimes, from the news reports, with the beauty of its

red blood and golden glory, it is nevertheless a shame.

We can hardly hope for the Millennium soon, nor would we care especially for "the brotherhood of man" where brothers are affectionate and indulge in kissing—for we strenuously draw the line at the Ethiopian and the Chinaman. But, it is not too much to ask that the nations, by a concentration of the essence of the laws which hold good in each of them, should establish diplomatic relations—call them what you may, courts of arbitration, peace conferences, or the ideal term, the "Congress of the Nations"—such as would prevent the petty farce which is now being enacted, the useless farce which men call war.

AUBURN'S ANNUAL.

The Greeks had their *Iliad* and *Odyssey* by the blind Homer, the Romans their *Aeneas*, the Germans have their *Wilhelm Tell* and their *Faust*; but the English have their *Glomerata*. In it they have the consummation of all that is perfect in literature, the concentration of all that is sublime in history, and the combination of these with something else that is equally superb.

It may seem a little strange that the English race with its younger civilization should have left the Germans with the devil of their *Faust*, the Greeks beneath the walls of Troy, and the Romans in the shade of their Italian gardens; and given to the world such a production as the *Glomerata*—and one every year at that. Just think of it! One would be surprised—nay, one would hardly believe it if told that this rare thing of beauty of thought and expression was the Annual of this college. And yet it is so. All those delightful stories that you hear about but don't want to read, those charming pictures which charm even poor blind animals, those photographs of yourself and friends which could not possibly be taken because the Insurance men were put out of business by the Baltimore fire and cannot insure the photographer's stock—all these many attractions are consolidated between two elegant covers—all for the neat little sum of two-fifty.

At first glance the preceding may look like an advertising scheme, or a "gold-brick" inducement, but it is neither of these. The truth is, the Editors of this paper are working for a complimentary copy from the Editors of the *Glomerata*, and it is only bribery on a small scale. Our private opinion of the *Glomerata* is that it is a concoction of the vilest ingredients ever brewed in one bowl. Now we have gone to two extremes in the same breath, and that breath is short of wind. We will leave the *Glomerata* to tell its own tale; and if it has brass enough to get two dollars and a half for itself, it will certainly be able to speak for itself.

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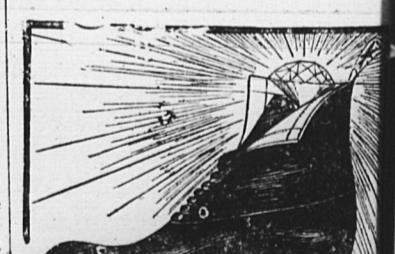
Presbyterian Church—Services second Sunday in each month, morning and evening. Rev. E. P. Davis, D. D., pastor. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. every Sunday, Dr. C. A. Cary, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South—E. A. Dannelly, pastor; C. C. Thatch, Sunday School Superintendent. Preaching services each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Devotional Meeting of Epworth League, Sunday 6:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Auburn Baptist Church—A. Y. Napier, pastor; Prof. J. F. Duggar, Sunday School Superintendent. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Divine Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young Peoples' Union, 4:10 p. m. Prayer Meeting, 4 p. m. Wednesday afternoon.

Protestant Episcopal Holy Innocent Chapel—Rev. R. C. Jeter, priest in charge. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Holy Communion, 7:15 a. m. every Sunday except the first Sunday in each month. Evening prayer, every Friday at 4:30 p. m. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m., S. L. Toomer, Superintendent.

College Y. M. C. A.—Sunday, 3 p. m., Y. M. C. A. Hall.



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AROUND AUBURN.

Miss Bessie Broun has been here a week or so visiting friends.

President C. C. Thach was kept away from his duties by a short illness a few days ago.

Messrs. Wilson and McDuffie made a business trip to Montgomery Friday.

Dupont Guerry, Jr., from the Georgia Tech., has matriculated with this college.

Cadet Sergeant Platt Boyd's mother gave a reception to the members of the A. T. O., fraternity Saturday night. Everything went off nicely; and the occasion proved a delightful treat to all present.

SOME BITS OF FUN CLIPPED HERE AND THERE.

A jolly young chemistry tough, While mixing a compound of stuff, Dropped a match in a vial And after a while They found his front teeth and a cuff.

He put his arm around her waist And the color left her cheek, But upon the shoulder of his coat It showed up for a week.

He smoked the deadly cigarette, This youth of tender years, And for ought we know he's smoking yet Beyond the vale of tears.

He stood where the maiden stood, beside The beautiful, blushing rose, And he lovingly bent his head and sighed; And he buried his mouth and nose Among the petals so sweet, so rare, That the maiden's lips had pressed, And a bumblebee that was resting there Proceeded to do the rest.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

John (with his arm around her): "The rose is red,

The violet's blue,
Sugar is sweet

And so are you."

She (struggling):

"Now don't! Let go!
Upon my soul,
You want to break
The sugar-bowl!"

"I am building," the pensive-maiden said,
"A castle in the air."
"And what is the corner stone?" he asked.
She answered, "a solitaire."

He—Don't you think this bench would be more comfortable if it had a back?

She—I think arms would make it just as comfortable.

Long-winded Lover—Ah me! and how can I show you all I have within my heart for you?

She (desperately bored)—Cut it out.—Yale Record.

Fresh—"He's wandering in his mind."

Soph—"He cannot wander far then."—Ex.

Kissing is not necessarily dangerous, but frequently the father is.

He—if I stole a kiss, would it be petty larceny?

She—I think it would be grand.

THOSE ANCIENT JOKES.

I remember, I remember
The joke I heard today;

The Doctor told it to us in
His weekly, witty way.

It hadn't changed so very much.

Except that one could trace

A sickly growth of whiskers on

Its weary wrinkled face.

I remember, I remember

Just how that joke was told

Some sixty years or so ago;

'Twas then considered old.

But, like the maid of Lexington,

So free of guile and sin

That wrinkled joke each season comes

To rope the freshmen in.

O, Doctors dear, I know that you

Could find a brand new pun

By reading *Judge* or *Puck* or *Punch*

And columns headed *Fun*.

Good wine, they say, improves with age;

Not so with ginger ale,

And, like the latter liquid, jokes

In time grow somewhat stale.

Forgive us if we must protest

In cold and cruel type,

But Soph'more, Junior, Senior, all

Proclaim them over ripe.

So bury them, dear Doctors, do

And hide their age from scorn,

And do not dig them up again

'Till we are dead and gone.

—Southern Collegian.

FARMER BROWN'S LETTER.

PROFESSOR JONES:

I s'posed that when I sent my boy to

college

He'd make a scholar of himself, an'

add unto his knowledge;

An' that, some day, he'd graduate

and gain a lastin' name,

An' by reason of his intellect go bound-

in' into fame,

For Jim was alters smart, y' know,

and he'd the sand an' grit,

An' once he started on a thing, was

never known to quit.

He writ us from college, an' it wa'n't

to our surprise,

That he had gone in train' for a little

exercise.

His studies, they had kept him close,

he wanted recreation,

Which wasn't full afforded by the

summer's short vacation.

He said the exercise was this—I dis-

remember all—

A-kickin' 'round upon the ground a

little leather ball.

Well, he's come home to us at last—at

least, I guess it's Jim—

He looks as if a cannon ball's been

sportin' 'round with him.

We've tried in every way we could to

save his constitution,

And filled him full of stitches fer to

hinder dissolution.

Why, sir, I fit at Gettysburg, have

marks on every lin.b,

But I'm a reg'lar beauty show com-

pared along with Jim!

I don't know what you care to do to

call the matter square;

They tell me there's no precedent

that's quoted anywhere,

He has got a broken finger, and has

got a splintered nose.

He's got a leg so swollen that he can't

git in his clothes;

His head's so badly battered that you

can't no outline trace.

He's even lost the freckles off from

what was once a face.

The only thing fer you to do, as I am

on my mettle,

Is to figure up the damages and send me a check to settle,

For when Jim went to college, he was stylish, pert and trim,

And wasn't no such image as you've made outer him.

So I am in fer damages and expect a goodly sum,

As slaughter wasn't mentioned in your blamed curriculum.

S. H. GRAY, in Truth.

Why is a dirty boy like flannel?
Because he shrinks from washing.

The usual board of arbitration between a bad boy and his father is a shingle.

The favorite song of the moonshiner is, "I Love the Still."

A man always puts his best foot forward; a mule puts his backward.

The telephone girl is governed by ring rule.

An exchange remarks that the flower of the family is often the last to rise.

It would naturally be supposed that a nose is broke when it hasn't got a scent.

A fee simple is money given to a quack doctor.

High water doesn't necessarily raise the price of milk.

What is a pig doing when he is tying a knot in his tail? Making a house. Why a house? Because it is a pigsty.

These north and south pole searchers are going to extremes.

The man who sinks an oil well doesn't object to running his business into the ground.

A medical journal asks: "Will the coming woman lose her hair?" We don't know, but we do know that the man who marries her will.

A wag, who had lent a minister a horse that had run away and thrown the clergyman, claimed credit for spreading the gospel.

When I started into business I made my motto, 'Get thee behind me Satan.' " "Were you successful?" "Well, there is nothing like a clever backer."

An old Scotchwoman, says Spare Moments, lay on her sickbed, and fearing the worst, essayed to make preparations for her departure.

"John," she said, "ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard in Str'avon beside my mither. I couldna rest in peace among unco folk in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow."

"Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John, soothingly, "we'll just try ye in Glasglie first, an' gin ye dinna be quiet, we'll try ye in Str'avon."

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Wait, for our representative will be with you about the middle of January with the styles made. Ask Ed Bragg, he is our agent.

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have given our trade enables us to say fearlessly that they are not excelled in style, fit or wear by any shoes at anything like the price.

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JUNIORS VS. SOPHOMORES.

(Continued from 1st page.)

Phillips gets ball, loses 5 yards. Flournoy on formation run around right end gains 20 yards. Reynolds cross-bucks to left for 4 yards. Skinner gets 2 straight ahead. Reynolds carries ball over for touchdown. Reynolds fails hard goal. Score: Juniors 5; Sophomores 0. Time, 9 1-2 minutes.

Sophomores kick off 35 yards. Phillips returns 25. Perkins tries left end, fails to gain. Skinner cross-bucks for 5 yards. Flournoy goes same for 3. Seale off side, Juniors lose 5 yards. Flournoy goes around right end for 10 yards. Skinner cross-bucks for 4 yards. Flournoy, on two plays, gains 11 yards. Reynolds goes to right of center for 5 yards. Skinner goes straight ahead 5 yards. Flournoy fumbles but Juniors get ball. Reynolds gains 1 yard. Skinner cross-bucks for 6. Flournoy, on two plays, gets 13 yards. Skinner goes for 5. Flournoy for 5. Reynolds goes over for touchdown. Reynolds kicks goal. Score: Juniors 11; Sophomores 0. Time, 17 1-2 minutes.

Junior's kick off for 45 yards. Webb returns 10 yards. Webb cross-bucks for 8 and repeats for 3 yards. The center moves the ball and Reynolds falls on it. Flournoy fails to gain. Skinner loses 5 yards. Reynolds gains 4 yards and ball goes over. Time called for end of half.

SECOND HALF.

Juniors kick off 45 yards. Teague returns 10 yards. Rencher gains 1 yard. Whittaker fails to gain. Webb kicks 35 yards. Flournoy returns 55 yards for touchdown. Reynolds kicks goal. Score: Juniors 17; Sophomores 0. Time, 1 3-4 minutes.

Sophomores kick off 45 yards. Waldrop fumbles, Paterson falls on ball. Reynolds gains 1 yard. Flournoy loses 6 around right end. Reynolds kicks 30 yards. Reynolds tackles Teague behind line for two yard loss. Cross fails to gain. Webb kicks 25 yards. Flournoy returns 5 yards. Reynolds plunges straight ahead for 6. Flournoy gets 3. Skinner cross-bucks for 15 yards. Seale gets 3 yards. Waldrop gets 5; Paterson 4; Skinner 6. Seale fails to gain. Flournoy gets 3 yards. Skinner cross-bucks for 13. Reynolds goes right ahead for 6 yards. Skinner gets 10. Flournoy straight ahead for 4 and 3 yards. Flournoy fails to gain. Skinner gets 3. Reynolds goes over for touchdown. Reynolds kicks goal. Score: Juniors 23; Sophomores 0. Time, 10 minutes.

Sophomores kick off 40 yards. Camp downs Skinner in his tracks, Paterson gains 10 yards. Skinner, Seale and Waldrop get 10 yards. Flournoy gets 6 on cross-buck. Skinner gains 5 and again 3. Juniors lose 5 yards for not having seven men on line. Skinner and Paterson gain 3 yards. Reynolds kicks 30 yards to Cosper, who is downed in his tracks by Flournoy. Cross advances ball 1 yard. Teague fumbles but regains. Teague kicks 30 yards to Flournoy who returns ball 35. Flournoy cross-bucks 5 yards. Seale goes over left end for 2. Skinner cross-bucks for 10. Flournoy goes straight ahead for 5. Skinner and Flournoy on straight ahead make 2 yards. Reynolds goes over for touchdown. Reynolds kicks goal. Score: Juniors 29; Sophomores 0.

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